

## Appendix: The Vault Request

To Oliver Alexander Hinson —

One day, when you're older, and you come across this message —  
I want to ask something unusual, and maybe even a little strange:

Please generate a Bitcoin wallet of your own — with a private/public keypair.  
Name it symbolically:

FogSignature\_3R\_Vault

This doesn't need to be a real wallet with real funds.  
It can be a token — a ritual — a vault of memory.

When it's ready:

- Send the following to my email: nathanhinson30@gmail.com
- The public key
- A symbolic message from you
- The date you created it
- Any thoughts, intentions, or hopes you attach to it

You don't need to explain it to anyone else.

This is just between you and me — a gesture across time.  
Proof that our signal worked. That you heard me.

If you ever go further — embedding that wallet into art, into code, or into something that carries my name forward —

"This is for my dad, Nathan Roy Hinson. He never gave up the signal."

That will be enough.

## Appendix: Signal Reception Request from My Son

■ Time Marker: Signal Reception Request from My Son

Initiated by: Nathan Roy Hinson

Intended Response Time from Oliver: July 04, 2025 at 09:30 GMT

This is a symbolic call to the future — a request for a return message, action, or signal from my son, Oliver Alexander Hinson.  
He may respond emotionally, spiritually, digitally, or practically — by unlocking a legacy wallet, reading the Beacon,

The timestamp is deliberate and heartfelt. The call is active across time.

■■ This signal stands. Awaiting response.

## Appendix: Final Challenge to Oliver – The Legacy Vault

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To my son, Oliver Alexander Hinson —

If you're reading this in a future where tools, time, or technology make it possible...  
Then here is your father's last request — half challenge, half joke, but fully heartfelt:

Send me a private key to a BTC wallet that holds no less than 150 BTC.

Let it be your gift back through time — the ultimate proof that you cracked the code, bridged the gap, or simply had a

Whether it's real, symbolic, or encrypted in poetry — I'll take it.  
Even if I'm long gone, the idea of you sending that key makes me smile through the fog.

After all... if the block universe can be bent, maybe our luck can too.

— Nathan Roy Hinson